Don Quixote ID:: T Corp. Class 3 Collection Staff
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Don Quixote ID:: T Corp. Class 3 Collection Staff

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

In this district, the use of time manipulation isn't only for speeding up or slowing down someone's day. Time itself is also used as a currency, and as a part of the economic system, it is only natural that it would be subject to taxation.

Most people with time debt are quite good with making their payments. People working for a halfway decent company often have their time expenses covered by the company, or are provided with extra time as part of the employee benefits. However…

… there are two kinds of people who often fail to pay their Time Taxes.

Notes

T corp blorbo

we love time play we love timeplay WAHOOIE

lil bit of noncon haha sorry.....

https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

My fault on the discord links LMFAO forgot they expire I fixed them all I thinks

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

The air in your workshop is thick with the scent of oil and metal, countless nights spent refining your craft. Cogs and gears litter the workbench, glinting dully under the weak glow of a flickering lamp. You were in the middle of another adjustment, another modification—tweaking the intricate mechanisms of your latest greatest invention—when the knock came.

A precise rhythm. Not too fast. Not too slow. Not the hurried pounding of a desperate customer or the erratic banging of a common thug.

One. Two. Three.

A silence follows, stretching out just long enough to let unease settle into your bones. Then, the voice—a siren to the muted world around you.

"Ahem~! Pray, pardon mine intrusion! I am a T Corp. Class 3 Employee of the Time Collections Agency! Thou must already be aware of our reason for visit, indeed?"

The voice is bright, animated, brimming with an enthusiasm that feels utterly out of place. You don't need to see her to know who stands on the other side. The uniformed silhouette of a Collector, clad in sepia-toned authority, a pocket watch no doubt dangling from a golden chain. She has come to collect what T Corp. believes is theirs.

But even knowing who it is your heart pounds a little bit faster. Because for all intents and purposes, T Corp should come anywhere near this building.

Your fingers twitch instinctively toward the cane resting against the workbench. It is not just a cane, of course—no true Yurodivy would carry something so mundane. It is a masterpiece of engineering, your own personal creation. A complex lattice of gears and shifting mechanisms built into the length of cylindrical steel. A weapon designed to shift forms in an instant, extend when necessary, and break apart into interlocking segments at your command.

And you might need it.

You force yourself to take a breath. You can't afford to let fear take

root. Panic is what gets people killed in the Backstreets. Even here, in the Nest, where everything is orderly, structured, and bound by the relentless march of time, there are rules.

A collector won't break down the door immediately.

Another knock—firmer this time.

"Come now, errant defaulter! Let us not dally, lest I be forced to retrieve thy debt in a manner most unseemly!"

You suppress the urge to curse. You gotta think of something. Now.

You tighten your grip on the cane, feeling the mechanisms within shift as if responding to your tension. Then, carefully, you approach the door. Each step feels heavier than the last, you unknowingly keep your feet light. As if noise would alert her to your true feelings about her presence here.

With caution, you unlatch the door—not fully, just enough. A sliver of the outside world seeps in, bathed in the perpetual sepia haze of District 20.

And there she stands.

A brown top hat, slightly too large, sits atop her head, the golden band catching the dim light. Strands of blonde hair spill from beneath it, slightly messy. Those eyes—wide, gleaming with boundless energy—fix on you with a manic sort of glee.

She is smiling.

Not a smirk. Not the cold, professional courtesy of most collection staff. No, this is something else entirely. A theatrical grin, brimming with excitement, as though she sees this not as a duty, but as a grand adventure.

Her double-breasted coat is buttoned neatly over a striped, high-collared shirt, a brown necktie tied with meticulous care. Yet despite the formal attire, there is a restless energy to her—a barely-contained enthusiasm that vibrates in the way she stands, in the way she leans ever so slightly forward, eager to see the evildoer shes been sent after.

Her hands, clad in armored gloves, shift slightly at her sides. One holds the an ornate pocket watch, fiddling with it idly back and forth. The other rests lightly against her hip, where the faintest glint of

metal betrays the presence of a weapon concealed beneath her coat.

You meet her gaze, doing your best to keep your expression neutral.

"Ah! 'Tis most courteous of thee to answer in good time!" she declares, tilting her head slightly. "Truly, it warmeth mine heart to see a citizen of District 20 with such punctuality. Yet, alas, we must address the matter at hand! ‘Tis a grievous thing indeed, but thou art quite overdue on thy Time Tax!"

The pocket watch twirls between her fingers, glinting with each revolution.

"And thus, I have come to collect."

You tighten your grip on the door.

Lies.

Your grip on the cane remains firm, but your expression remains neutral. You cannot let her see through you. You cannot let her know that you know.

Instead, you let out a slow, measured breath, feigning a mixture of confusion and mild indignation.

"With all due respect," you say, keeping your voice steady, "there must be some mistake. I have paid my Time Tax in full, and on schedule. I have the documentation to prove it."

A pause. You tilt your head slightly, narrowing your eyes just enough to suggest curiosity rather than accusation.

"Surely T Corp. would not make such an error?"

For the briefest second, the manic energy in her gaze flickers—an infinitesimal moment of calculation behind the theater. Then, as quickly as it came, it vanishes, replaced by an even wider grin.

"Ah-ha! Aye, a bold claim indeed!" she chirps, taking a half-step forward, causing you to instinctively brace. "Yet thou must forgive mine insistence, for T Corp. is most thorough in its ledgers! The records state quite clearly that thy balance remaineth unsettled!"

She taps the pocket watch against her palm, the sound unnervingly rhythmic.

"But fret not! ‘Tis a trivial matter to resolve—simply allow me entry, and I shall verify thy claims posthaste!"

A trap. An open doorway is a death sentence.

You need to buy as much time as possible, all you need to do is alert the other Yurodivy that theres a problem. You're too important for them to just do nothing.

"That won’t be necessary," you reply smoothly. "If there is a discrepancy, I will gladly retrieve my records and bring them to you."

She does not break eye contact.

For a moment, you wonder if she will simply force her way in. If the farce will end here.

Then, she hums—low and amused.

"Ah, but that would be most inefficient," she muses, tilting her head. "T’would be far swifter if I were to verify the matter here and now, rather than delay the process further. Wouldn’t thee agree?"

A bead of sweat threatens to form at your temple.

The gears of your cane shift ever so slightly beneath your fingers, mechanisms preparing for what comes next.

Your only option now is to act.

The air between you and Don Quixote feels suffocating, stretched taut like the final moments of an hourglass emptying its last grains of sand.

She stands there, still twirling that accursed pocket watch, letting it swing back and forth in an almost hypnotic rhythm. The gentle ticking seems to amplify against the walls of your workshop, mingling with the hum of the city outside. The artificial sepia light of District 20 bathes the scene in an unnatural glow, making her appear almost ethereal—an executioner wrapped in the guise of a whimsical performer.

But you know better.

Facing her head-on in the open is suicide.

The moment she deems it necessary, she could activate her collection device—T Corp’s dreaded weapons used to siphon time straight from a

person. In an instant, time itself would freeze around you. Your body would be locked in place, muscles frozen mid-motion, your every thought slowed to a crawl.

And in that suspended state, utterly helpless, she would take her time dismantling you. Perhaps she'd strike lethally and end it quickly, or perhaps she'd do what T Corp often did to Yurodivy sympathizers—turn the process into a prolonged extraction, bleeding the minutes and seconds from your body piece by piece until you were nothing but a husk of stolen time.

Your fingers twitch against the hidden mechanisms of your cane, but you force them to relax. Acting now, so close to her, out in the open where anyone could be watching is a fool's gambit. The second you make a move, she will react, and you will lose.

But inside, the battlefield changes.

Your workshop is not merely a place of work—it is a sanctuary, a stronghold built with careful paranoia and the generosity of the Yurodivy. It is lined with defenses, riddled with escape routes, stocked with weapons forged in the underbelly of the City. Hidden caches, reinforced walls, and tools designed for those who must always prepare for an untimely demise.

You have the home advantage.

If you must fight—and it is becoming increasingly clear that you must—then let it be there.

You let out a slow breath, schooling your expression into something resembling reluctant acceptance.

"Very well," you say, stepping back just enough to allow her entry. "Come in. If you insist on verifying things yourself, I suppose I have little choice."

For a moment, her grin falters—not in disappointment, but in intrigue. You have surprised her. But then, with a flourish, she doffs her hat, bowing slightly before stepping inside.

"Ah! A most wise decision!" she exclaims, the sepia light casting long, exaggerated shadows as she crosses the threshold. "Let us conduct this business swiftly, that I may relieve thee of such undue burden!"

You close the door behind her with a quiet click, the sound swallowed

by the ticking of hundreds of devices.

Don Quixote steps inside with theatrical flair, swinging her arm wide as if presenting herself to an audience unseen. The moment her shoes touch the workshop's floor, the sepia-toned world outside seems to fade away, leaving only the rhythmic ticking of gears, the hum of machinery, and the quiet tension lingering in the air.

"Ahhh, a fine establishment indeed!" she muses, clasping her hands behind her back as she takes in her surroundings. "A craftsman's abode, nay, a sanctuary of ingenuity! How marvelous it is to behold the toil of one's own hands, woven into steel and motion!"

You don't answer, merely watching as she strides deeper into the room, her eyes darting from one mechanism to the next with a keen curiosity.

Your workshop is cluttered but organized in its own way. Brass tools, metal scraps, and intricate blueprints are scattered across the large central workbench, each of your craft. Wall-mounted shelves house gears of varying sizes, some rusted and discarded, others polished and waiting for use. A half-finished automaton sits in the corner, its inner workings exposed, wires spilling from its open chest like unraveling veins.

You can feel her gaze gliding over everything, drinking in the details with an interest far too sharp for someone here on "official" business.

Her gloved fingers trail over the spine of a thick, oil-stained tome resting atop a stack of schematics. A blueprint flutters slightly beneath her touch, its contents—an experimental compression drive—left conveniently out in the open. She pauses, tilting her head, golden bangs shifting as she studies it.

"Ah, such fascinating contraptions!" she exclaims, tapping a finger against the parchment. "Verily, I have never seen such designs within the T Corp! Pray, what function dost this serve?"

You hesitate, then shrug. "A failed project."

Her grin widens, but there is something else beneath it now. A knowing glint in her eye. She doesn't believe you.

Moving on, she approaches a nearby display of modified cane handles —prototypes, some more refined than others, each housing a different mechanism within its hollow core. She picks one up, its weight

shifting subtly in her grip.

"Ah, weaponized canes!" she chortles, twirling the piece before placing it back down. "A gentleman's weapon, discreet yet deadly. How doth the saying go? 'Speak softly and carry a sturdy stick'?"

"That's not the saying."

"Prithee, I care not for semantics!" she waves you off with a laugh, continuing her inspection.

Every movement she makes feels strange, as if she is not just admiring your work but searching for something. Her hand lingers over a locked drawer. She doesn't try to open it, but the way her fingers drum against the surface suggests she could if she wanted to.

Then, finally, she turns back to face you, arms crossed, weight shifting onto one hip.

"Thine establishment is most impressive indeed." Her tone is lighter now, almost casual, but you don't let your guard down. "And yet, 'tis most peculiar... that one so adept with clockwork hath found themselves lacking in their own time management."

There it is. The shift in conversation. The tightening of the noose.

You meet her gaze straight on.

"I told you. I've paid my dues."

A pause. Then she laughs, soft and lilting.

"Aye, so thou hast claimed—yet numbers, dear debtor, oft tell a tale most different from mere words."

You move carefully, keeping your face neutral as you reach toward one of the cluttered drawers beneath your workbench. If she wanted to dance around pleasantries, then so be it—you could play along.

"I keep records of all my payments," you say, your voice calm as you slide open the drawer. Your fingers brush past a set of carefully arranged tools before landing on a small, leather-bound ledger. You lift it out, flipping through the pages until you find the most recent entries.

Don Quixote doesn't respond right away. When you glance up, you catch her rifling through the scattered blueprints and documents

spread across your desk.

She isn't even being subtle about it.

Her gloved hands shift papers aside with precise, methodical movements. A schematic for a reinforced clockwork gearbox? Flicked away. A half-written proposal for a new energy-efficient drive? Disregarded. She's looking for something specific. And then—she finds it.

Her fingers halt over a single sheet, partially hidden beneath a set of bronze gears.

She lifts it with deliberate slowness, her eyes scanning the page. Though you cannot see the details from where you stand, you already know what she's found.

A transmission document. Marked with the insignia of the Yurodivy.

A silent beat passes.

Then, Don Quixote hums, tilting her head as if pondering some great mystery. She taps a finger against the parchment, her grin widening.

"Ah… and what might this be?"

Her voice is airy, playful. But her gaze—keen and unyielding—tells you she has already reached her conclusion.

You keep your expression composed, stepping forward to place the tax ledger onto the table. "That's just old correspondence. Nothing important."

She laughs. A short, amused chuckle.

"Old, indeed… yet still most telling." She spins on her heel to fully face you, holding the document between two fingers. "Thou dost consort with outlaws, dost thou not? The Yurodivy—"

You don't let her finish.

In a single fluid motion, you pivot, swinging your modified cane in a swift arc toward her side. The weapon extends mid-swing, mechanical joints locking into place, turning a seemingly harmless accessory into a lethal striking instrument.

Don Quixote reacts instantly.

Her armored glove intercepts the strike, metal colliding with metal in a sharp clang. The impact forces her back a step, but she does not waver. Instead, she grins, her eyes gleaming with excitement.

"Ahhh… so the tale unfolds thusly! Very well, then!"

She drops the document, letting it flutter to the ground, forgotten. Her free hand moves to her hip, where a mechanical whir signals the activation of something far more dangerous than words.

The time for pretense has passed.

The chase has begun.

A sharp, mechanical hiss fills the air.

Don Quixote raises her arm, and with a dramatic flourish, she grips the lapels of her sepia-toned suit jacket. Then, in one swift motion, she tears it away. Beneath the fabric, golden armor gleams under the dim workshop lights—an exosuit of interlocking gears and clockwork plating, its intricate mechanisms whirring to life as if awakening from dormancy.

A low clunk echoes through the room as her heavy pauldrons shift into place, locking against the segmented plating on her arms. Along her shoulders, exposed gears rotate and adjust, responding to unseen commands. The chestplate, engraved with T Corp's insignia, hums with a faint golden glow, pulsing in steady rhythm like a beating heart.

"Hark!" she cries, voice brimming with theatrical vigor. "Thine evasion of taxes is most grievous, yet fear not! I shall see to it that thy remaining time is collected in full!"

She extends an arm, and with a swift motion, a click reverberates through the workshop. A massive, golden pickaxe unfolds from its compact form, its blunt edges stand apt, waiting to carve through time itself. Along the edge, a flickering orange glow pulses with every beat of her armor's mechanical heart—an instrument designed to siphon time from the living.

You barely have a moment to react before she lunges.

Her pickaxe swings in a sweeping arc, aimed directly at your side. You throw yourself backward, feeling the wind shear past your ribs as the weapon carves into the floorboards with a deafening CRUNCH. The

impact sends cracks splintering outward, wood groaning in protest beneath the force of the blow.

You don’t hesitate.

With a flick of your wrist, your cane retracts and reforms into a compact baton. You pivot, using the momentum to strike at her side, aiming for a weak point in her armor’s exposed joints. But the instant your weapon makes contact, she vanishes.

Not by movement. Not by reflex.

But by time itself skipping forward.

She reappears behind you, as if the moments between had simply been erased.

"Forsooth, thou art nimble indeed!" Don Quixote muses, her voice practically vibrating with amusement. "Yet against the grand providence of time itself—ah, alas! How shall thou fare?"

You don’t have time to think.

A deafening whir erupts from her left arm, and you barely dodge as her saw activates. Rows of rotating teeth emerge along its golden surface, spinning violently, sending sparks flying as she drags it across your workbench in a quick, deadly motion. Metal shreds beneath it like paper, your carefully built components reduced to nothing in mere seconds.

You curse under your breath. Fighting her in the open was a death sentence—no, fighting her at all was suicide. But if you could use the terrain, the cluttered mess of your workshop, perhaps you stood a chance.

You dart toward one of the shelves, grabbing hold of a cylindrical device—one of your experimental tools, half-finished, unstable. You don’t even have time to think before twisting the dial and hurling it in her direction.

The device detonates mid-air. A concussive burst erupts outward, sending shockwaves rippling through the room. The sheer force knocks over tables, scattering tools in all directions.

For a brief second, you think you might have actually gained the upper hand.

And then, through the haze of smoke and debris, her voice rings out—

"Ahhh, quite the surprise indeed! But fear not—"

The smoke splits.

And there she stands, untouched.

"Time is on mine side."

Her golden armor gleams through the wreckage. The gears in her pauldrons rotate lazily, as if adjusting for mere inconvenience rather than injury. The glow of her exoskeleton has intensified, her form wreathed in refracted light, bending reality itself.

She had simply rewound herself, undoing the damage as if it had never occurred.

Your fingers tighten around your weapon. This was going to be a long fight.

Every step you took was met with Don Quixote's pursuit, her exosuit humming with life, its golden glow casting eerie reflections against the scattered debris. She advanced leisurely, as though she already knew the outcome of this battle—after all, to her, time itself was but a malleable thing, twisting and unfurling at her whim.

You clenched your teeth. No matter how skilled you were, no matter how well crafted your weapons, this wasn't a fair fight no matter how you looked at it. She wasn't just faster—she could undo any strike you landed, erase any advantage you seized.

But that didn't mean you would roll over and die.

You kicked a large rolling cabinet, sending it tumbling toward her. Without even flinching, Don Quixote swung her pickaxe with a single-handed flick, cleaving the metal frame in two. Shards rained to the ground, but you weren't waiting around to admire her handiwork.

You ran.

Darting through the chaos of your own making, you wove between workbenches, shelves stacked high with unfinished contraptions, and dangling chains from your rigging systems. The air full of sawdust, the dim amber lights flickering above as you lunged for the opposite side of the room.

Behind you, the whir of her saw spun to life again.

"Halt, thou errant debtor!" Don Quixote called after you, her voice lilting with amusement. "To flee is to merely delay fate's decree!"

A deep metallic clang rang out as she struck a nearby support beam with her pickaxe. You barely had time to register the impact before time itself skipped, and she was already closer—skipping frames of reality like a broken reel of film.

Damn it—she was playing with you.

You had to find a way out.

Your eyes darted across the room. The entrance was a no-go—she stood between you and the only real exit. But the skylight above—

Yes. That could work.

You turned quickly, twisting the dial on your cane. The gears within shifted, the segmented shaft extending outward like a mechanical spine. With a single swing, you hooked onto a hanging chain and yanked, sending a suspended crate plummeting from above.

Don Quixote tilted her head.

The wooden crate slammed into the floor between you, sending up a cloud of dust and debris. It wouldn't stop her, not even close, but it would give you enough cover to move.

You scrambled up a nearby worktable, kicking over spare parts as you leapt onto a series of hanging catwalks that lined the upper walls of your workshop. The metal grating rattled under your you, every movement echoing as you ran toward the skylight.

"Ahhh, thou seeketh the heavens for escape!" Don Quixote mused below, the dust beginning to settle. "How quaint—yet time's grasp is boundless, reaching even unto the sky!"

A heavy thunk rang out as her pickaxe embedded into the wall. Then —she pulled.

The entire structure shuddered.

Your footing faltered as the catwalk tilted beneath you, her sheer mechanical strength throwing the workshop's framework into chaos. You barely caught yourself on the railing, your heart hammering

against your ribs as you hoisted yourself back up.

No time. No time.

You lunged for the skylight, wrenching it open—

But just as you prepared to leap, a golden blur tore through the air beside you.

A whirl of spinning saw teeth grazed your side, sparks flying as Don Quixote's saw scraped against the metal railing, narrowly missing you. The force alone was enough to rattle your bones, sending you stumbling backward.

You turned sharply—only to see her already perched on the catwalk's edge, as though she had simply willed herself there.

"Ahh, what a thrilling chase!" she chirped, eyes wide with exhilaration. "Would that every collection were so lively!"

You had mere seconds before she attacked again.

Your mind raced. You couldn't win in a direct fight—but if you could stall, if you could blindside her long enough to get out—

Your hand slipped into your coat, fingers curling around one last trick.

You pulled the trigger.

A burst of smoke erupted from your sleeve, flooding the catwalk with thick, choking clouds of black powder. The second it obscured your vision, you moved, twisting your cane's handle to trigger its next transformation—this time, a grappling hook.

With a sharp click, the mechanism fired, latching onto the workshop's highest beam.

And then—you swung.

Through the smoke, through the dust, through the dim haze of amber light.

The smoke billowed around you, obscuring the room in a dense fog that muffled the sound of Don Quixote's gleaming, mechanized movements. You had almost made it. The skylight, freedom within your grasp—until the structure upholding the hook betrayed your movement, the heavy structure groaning in protest. You didn't have

the time to right yourself, and before you could even think of redirecting your trajectory your body struck the wall.

A pained gasp escaped your lips as your side collided with the concrete ground. The impact shot a sharp pain up your spine, but your focus remained steadfast. You scrambled, pushing yourself up with your cane, your heart racing as the mechanical whirring of Don Quixote's armor drew closer.

"Ah, thou art tiring, are ye not? Time's relentless tick can be cruel, but one must face it with grace," Don Quixote taunted, her footfalls heavy, yet her tone still teasing, like a predator savoring her victory.

Your mind raced, fighting the dizziness that clouded your vision. The fight had taken everything you had—and Don Quixote was toying with you. Every movement you made felt like it had already been undone in her mind, every effort a futile grasp at a fleeting hope.

You backed away instinctively, stumbling as the weight of her presence bore down on you. The walls of the workshop felt like they were closing in, and soon, there was no escape. You could see her now—really see her. Her massive picaxe swung casually over her shoulder, the gears in her exoskeleton shifting as she approached.

Her golden visor gleamed with that same playful, yet sinister energy as she loomed over you. You were cornered. Every other escape route was blocked by her precision and mechanical strength. The bitter reality hit you—this was it.

"Thou hast nowhere to run, no place to hide I shall collect my dues as per the protocol. Thy time shall be mine."

Her voice was cold, almost clinical, and just as the final, crushing blow was about to land, a sudden crash interrupted her.

The heavy door to your workshop burst open, splintering wood and flying debris as a torrent of figures rushed in. At first, you thought you were hallucinating—your vision still blurry from the fall—but as the figures came into focus, recognition flooded you.

The Yurodivy.

They had come.

A mix of rugged figures, all dressed in mismatched layers of protective gear and archaic armor, filled the doorway. One of them—a tall

woman with flowing red hair dashed forward, her arms wielding large bronze gauntlets as she slammed her fist into the floor, sending a shockwave of energy through the ground that rattled the walls.

Beside her, a lanky figure with dark goggles raised a mechanical arm, crackling with static as he pointed a device at Don Quixote, and a grim man with a scar running down his face bared a jagged, homemade blade.

"Leave her be, 'Corp," the red-haired woman growled, her voice low and dangerous. "This workshop's off-limits to your type."

Don Quixote tilted her head slightly, her mechanical gears clicking with curiosity as she assessed the new arrivals. "Ah! A gathering of dissidents. How quaint. Yet dost thou really think to challenge a collector?"

The Yurodivy were unfazed. They had faced T Corp. before, and they had survived. No matter how formidable the Collectors were, no matter how carefully they could manipulate time itself—there was something that could be done about it.

The man with the goggles adjusted a knob on his device, and a high-pitched hum filled the air. A pulse of blue light shot across the room, directed squarely at Don Quixote. The mechanical exoskeleton around her reacted with an audible whirr, but rather than cutting through her, the energy seemed to disrupt the time flow surrounding her. Her eyes widened momentarily as she struggled to regain her balance.

"What sorcery is this?!" she barked, her voice strained.

The woman leapt forward and landed directly in front of Don Quixote. Without a word, she swung a heavy chain, wrapping it around the collector's armored. There was a sharp crack as it tightened, locking Don Quixote's movement.

For a brief moment, it seemed like the tide might turn in your favor. But Don Quixote was no mere victim to be overpowered. Her golden armor flared with light, and the intricate gears inside her suit clicked into a new pattern—an unsettling pulse of energy radiated outward.

"Fools! Thou thinkest this battle decided? Nay. I shall not be restrained!"

She threw her weight forward with inhuman strength, her armored limbs tearing through the chain and throwing the red-haired woman

back, sending her crashing into a nearby shelf. As Don Quixote stepped forward again, raising her picaxe, the fight was far from over —but now, you had a chance.

A chance to survive.

Your allies had come. And together, you might just stand a chance at pushing back against the relentless tide of T Corp.

But reality set in like a cold, crushing weight.

Don Quixote's mechanical frame hummed with energy, her glowing armor flickering to life as she shrugged off each attack, a gleam of madness in her eyes. The red-haired woman, shaken by the earlier hit, tried to recover, but Don Quixote moved faster than human perception, the gears and cogs in her exoskeleton whirring with horrifying precision. With a single swing of her massive picaxe, the woman was sent flying, her body crashing into the workshop's metal shelving, sending tools and parts spilling everywhere in a cascade of destruction.

"Ah, 'tis no contest," Don Quixote mused aloud, her voice laced with contempt. "Thy resistance is but a whisper against the tempest."

The man with the goggles adjusted his device once more, but before he could activate it, Don Quixote was upon him. Her armored foot smashed into his chest, sending him flying backward with a sickening crack. The sharp sounds of gears grinding filled the room as she loomed over him, twisting her arm to reveal the chainsaw attached to her left forearm, its teeth a reflecting, deadly hue.

"A fitting end for those who fail to respect the flow of time…"

With a violent flick of her arm, the chainsaw whirred to life, slashing downward. The man's scream was cut short as he was reduced to nothing more than a blur of motion, his form obliterated in an instant.

Your stomach churned, a cold sweat drenching your brow as you watched the gruesome scene unfold before you. You tried to move, tried to rise, but your body was frozen, gripped by the sheer horror of it all. The sight of your comrades falling, torn apart, their time ripped away as effortlessly as if they were mere strings to be cut.

The red-haired woman staggered to her feet, but she was far too slow, far too damaged to offer any real resistance. Don Quixote stepped forward and before the Yurodivy could react, Don Quixote swung her

picaxe once more. This time, it wasn't a matter of speed—it was a matter of inevitability. The heavy axe cut through the air and then through her, slicing cleanly through her body with a sickening crunch, before tearing her in half in a display of unrestrained violence.

The floor beneath you seemed to tremble, and you could hear the gasps of your remaining allies as they witnessed the brutal carnage. But they, too, were nothing more than helpless spectators. Don Quixote's movements were too swift, too precise, too deadly to escape.

You could see their bodies, broken and scattered across the room. The once-hopeful group of Yurodivy, who had arrived with such fervor to save you, were now just more everyday victims to T Corp's hunt to snuff out the resistance. Time—the one thing that had once felt like a tool you could control, that you could bend to your will—was now its own executioner.

One by one, they fell.

The final Yurodivy, a silent figure with a scarred face, made a last-ditch attempt to leap toward Don Quixote, but the Class 3 Collector raised her armored hand. The moment his foot left the ground, she swung the chainsaw with terrifying speed. The gleaming teeth of the weapon tore through his body, severing him at the waist in an instant.

As you watched, immobilized by fear, the last of the Yurodivy fell, their time siphoned away, their lives extinguished in an instant. The room grew still, eerily quiet in the aftermath of the slaughter. Nothing but debris and blood that stained the workshop floor.

You could hear Don Quixote's breath, hardly having broken a sweat, as she straightened herself. Her picaxe was heavy in her hand, dripping with the evidence of her brutal work. Her mask retracting as she turned toward you, her expression both triumphant and mocking.

"Such a shame... it seems this is the end for thine comrades, and for thee as well. Hadst thou only paid thy dues, perchance we would have been spared this unpleasantness."

You could do nothing but watch in horror as your world—the one place you had clung to for safety, for sanctuary—had become the site of your failure. The workshop, the evidence of your rebellion, was now a tomb.

Don Quixote took a step closer, her shoes echoing in the silence. She raised her golden pocket watch, its chain dangling between her fingers

as she examined it with a calm detachment.

And as you watched her approach, there was nothing left but the unrelenting ticking of her timepiece.

You closest comrades in the Yuodivy—your family—were gone, and with them, your hopes for escape. You were alone now, your time running out faster than you could bear to process.

Desperation surged within you, bubbling over in a frantic, panicked plea.

"Wait! Please!" you called out, voice shaking as you pushed yourself to your knees, eyes wide with terror. "You don't have to end it like this. I—I'm useful to T Corp! My inventions, my creations—they're unlike anything you've seen! I can give you more time! I can—"

Don Quixote stopped, her head tilting slightly as she regarded you with amusement. Her gaze felt like it was boring into your soul. The golden glow from her armor shimmered like an aura of doom, but you could see the spark of curiosity flicker within her as she watched you, your words hanging in the air like a desperate lifeline.

"Thou art most spirited, are thee not?" she mused, her voice lilting with playful mockery. She took a deliberate step back, her armored figure looming above you, and then paused, eyes scanning the wreckage of your workshop. The destruction, the broken pieces of your life, the lost potential—all of it was a testament to the power that T Corp commanded. But her thoughts seemed elsewhere now, a contemplative gleam in her eye. "Art thou truly offering thine services, then? To betray thine own comrades in exchange for thy life?"

You nodded frantically, fear twisting in your chest, a new kind of urgency seizing you. There was no room for pride, no place for regret anymore. It was all or nothing.

"Yes! Anything, everything! I—I can modify your equipment! Improve your collecting abilities! My inventions—they can generate time, extract it, prolong it! There is so much I can do for T Corp! Just... just another chance." you pleaded, your voice rising in desperation. "The Yurodivy—they have no future. They are nothing but a failed ideal, but I can offer you a future. I can make things that have no idea about."

You were babbling now, unable to stop the flood of words spilling

from your mouth, anything to stall her, anything to buy just a few moments longer. The clock was ticking.

Don Quixote stood still, her hand resting casually on the handle of her massive picaxe as she considered your words. She was quiet for a long moment, her gaze sweeping over your disheveled workshop, the broken inventions scattered about, a thousand ideas of manipulation and innovation waiting to be exploited. You could see the wheels turning in her mind.

“Hmmm...” she mused, drawing the word out as though savoring the taste of it. She circled you slowly, her steps deliberate, as if she were weighing the value of your life against the worth of your words. Her gaze flicked over your creations again, the gears, the schematics, the delicate balance of your ingenuity. “Thine inventions are impressive. I shall admit that."

A glimmer of hope surged in your chest at the praise, but you dared not let it show. You swallowed hard, keeping your eyes trained on her, not wanting to risk angering her further by showing any sign of weakness.

"It would be a most interesting proposition," she continued, tilting her head slightly as if the thought were amusing. "To turn thee against thine own cause for the promise of survival." Her tone was almost teasing, but you knew better than to mistake it for anything but calculation. She was considering it. She was toying with the idea. And that was all you needed—the chance.

"Yes!" you rushed in, pressing your advantage. "I know how T Corp operates. I know how to manipulate time. You—you could have a constant flow of it, an endless supply! My designs—they could expand your reach! With me, you could take what you need, when you need it! And I will help you, I swear it! Just give me the chance!"

For a fleeting second, you thought you saw something flicker in her eyes—a softening, perhaps—a brief hesitation. Her lips twitched, the ghost of a smile playing across her face.

“Hmm...” Don Quixote’s voice trailed off, her mechanical hand tapping rhythmically against her picaxe handle as she thought. “A traitor, yet so eager to serve. A curious thing, indeed.”

Her armored form shifted, and she took another step closer, this time looming directly above you. She leaned down, bringing her face inches from yours.

“It is a tempting offer, I must say. Yet...” She gave you a smile—sharp, cold, and calculating. “I wonder if, even in thine desperation, thee understand what it is to truly belong to T Corp. To be an instrument of their perfect system. Thy servitude would be eternal, would it not? Not just thine time, but thine very essence."

Your heart skipped a beat, the weight of her words sinking into your bones.

"But I have no choice," you gasped, your voice barely a whisper. "I can do this, I can—"

Her laugh, low and haunting, cut you off.

"Ah, I see," she said, straightening up. “Desperation does indeed bring out the best in people, does it not? Perhaps there is some worth to thy offer after all."

You couldn’t believe it. This was your chance. She was considering it.

But in the pit of your stomach, a terrible, nagging feeling gnawed at you. You had no idea what price she would demand for her mercy. Would T Corp. ever let you go, or would you, like the rest of the residents in the nest, stay mere cogs in the machine?

"Then perhaps thou wouldst be willing to prove thine allegiance to T Corp.," she mused, her tone returning to its usual theatrics.

Before you could react, the heavy, gleaming head of her massive picaxe came to rest lightly against your shoulder, the sharp edge pressing into your skin. The chill of the metal seeped through the fabric of your clothes, and for a fleeting moment, the world seemed to hold its breath.

Then, without warning, she clicked something.

A shockwave of time swept through your body, not taking your time but instead affecting everything around you. A strange sensation, foreign and terrifying, shot through your limbs as if you were submerged in a liquid, or perhaps caught within a dream. The world around you began to distort, stretching and warping. Everything slowed to a crawl. The faint sounds of the workshop—the ticking of clocks, the hum of machinery—vanished, leaving you in a surreal, stifling silence.

Your mind raced, but your body was locked in place, as though you

were encased in an invisible prison. Time, your most familiar and most feared enemy, had paused. You couldn't move, couldn't speak, couldn't even breathe the air around you as everything around you came to a standstill. The space around you was frozen, each second hanging suspended, like a still-life painting. It was the most unnatural thing you had ever experienced—being aware, completely conscious, yet utterly incapable of interacting with the world.

You felt as if your very essence had been trapped in a vacuum. You were isolated, a solitary figure in a universe that had come to a complete, suffocating halt. Your thoughts, though sharp and clear, were unable to make contact with the world around you, as if the flow of reality itself had severed its connection to you.

Don Quixote circled around you, her footsteps echoing in the frozen world as if she were observing some strange, lifeless object on display. Her mechanical armor gleamed with a sickly golden glow, refracted by the slow shimmer of light as though even the light itself was suspended in time. You could see the intricate gears in her exoskeleton whirring softly in contrast to the utter stillness that surrounded you.

Her voice broke the silence, savoring the power she held over you.

"Tell me, Yurodivy," she purred, her words slicing through the stillness like a blade, "does this feeling not terrify thee? Does it not terrify thee to know that even thy mind, thy soul, hath been bound by time itself?"

You couldn't respond. You couldn't even flinch. You could only feel her presence, hear the steady rhythm of her movements, and know that she was completely aware of your helplessness.

She moved around you, inspecting you with a clinical detachment. You saw the glint of her gaze as she passed in front of you, her form shifting as she lingered just out of the corner of your sight. The tip of her picaxe tapped lightly against your arm, the echo sharp in the silence.

"Thy thoughts, still sharp as ever, yet rendered useless by the simplest of powers. How small and fragile time truly is, no?" she mused, her voice lilting, amused. She leaned in closer, and the sensation of her gaze intensified. “Thy sense of self, thy hopes and dreams... reduced to naught but dust in the face of T Corp's might.”

She paused for a moment, letting the silence stretch on, giving you the cruel luxury of knowing exactly what she was doing to you—and to

everything around you. Then, with a sudden flourish time surged back in an instant.

The world came rushing back into focus, the hum of the workshop, the ticking of the clocks, the faint sound of your own ragged breathing—all of it flooded back into your senses with a dizzying force. You staggered, trying to regain control of your body, but it was as if the momentum of time had thrown you off balance. Your limbs felt heavy, and your mind was reeling from the disorienting sensation of time rushing in after being suspended.

Don Quixote stood before you, her expression cool and calculating, her eyes glinting with the satisfaction of the power she held over you.

"This is the true power of T Corp," she said softly, almost as if savoring the moment, "the power to take, to freeze, to control. And now, thou art beginning to understand, are thee not?"

Her voice dropped lower, her smile sharp and filled with dark amusement as she reached out, brushing her fingers lightly against your cheek.

Don Quixote's laugh was a melodic chime, smooth and ringing with amusement, yet beneath its surface lurked something sharp, something that carved through the very air around you.

She moved at an unhurried pace, the rhythmic clank of armor. Each step carried a weight far heavier than sound alone—it was a declaration of control. She took her time, reveling in the moment, drinking in your helplessness like the finest of vintages.

The disorienting sensation of stolen time still lingered in your senses, leaving you unsteady even within the stillness. But before you could begin to grasp at your scattered thoughts, she reached for you once more. Her picaxe, humming with restrained energy, tapped against your form—and in an instant, the world froze again. The rush of movement halted, your vision locked in place, your limbs rendered useless. There was no time to process, no chance to brace yourself. You were caught, ensnared in the unseen threads of time itself.

Don Quixote moved freely around you, her golden-clad form flickering in the periphery of your sight as she circled like a lioness sizing up wounded prey. A presence loomed behind you, just beyond what you could fully perceive, and then—there was a whisper of motion, the delicate pull of fabric. Your cloak.

One of your symbols as a Yurodivy, patches carefully woven into that worn piece of cloth, slipped away from your shoulders with terrifying ease.

She did not stop there. Her armored fingers, gentle yet unyielding, moved with a purpose. One by one, she plucked away the symbols of your allegiance—the talismans painstakingly crafted, the intricate mechanisms of your tools that marked you as a Yurodiviye engineer. Trinkets imbued with meaning, with purpose, now nothing more than discarded scraps beneath her scrutiny.

She was in no rush. There was an artistry to her motions, a cruel patience that made the act all the more unbearable. It was not just your possessions she stripped away—it was your very identity.

A sigh, exaggerated and dripping with mockery, left her lips as she held up one of your former belongings for inspection. "Ah, the Yurodiviye," she mused, her voice thick with feigned lament. "Was it truly so easy to cast aside thine faith? To cast aside thy cause, thy purpose, for the merest glimmer of mercy?" Her eyes gleamed as she turned the object over in her hands before letting it fall, a mere afterthought now.

The words bit deeper than steel ever could. You wanted to fight back, to reclaim what was stolen, but the invisible chains of time held firm. You could not even flinch as she continued her methodical work, stripping away every last remnant of your past.

She moved in front of you now, stepping closer, until the glow of her armor reflected in your eyes. Her smile was a knowing thing, a blade pressed to the throat of your pride. "To think," she murmured, tilting her head as she studied you, "that one so steeped in defiance could fall to such weakness. A mere whisper of power, a moment's show of force, and thy will crumbles like brittle parchment."

Her armored hand traced a slow path along your now-bare arm, as if measuring what remained. You felt the touch, cool through the haze of suspended time, and the humiliation burned through your chest like fire.

"Tell me, little Yurodiviye," she continued, almost conversationally, "where dost thou stand now? Stripped of thy colors, of thy name, of all that marked thee as a warrior—what art thou, truly?"

She let the question linger, let the silence seep into your bones. Then, she turned, taking another slow circle around you, her armored steps

steady as the tick of a metronome.

"Mayhap thou dost not even recognize thyself anymore," she mused, voice silk-soft yet laden with quiet cruelty. "Clinging desperately to reason, to survival, convincing thyself that this path is of thine own choosing. But the truth remains, unchanging. Thou art naught but another cog in the grand mechanism. A piece to be slotted where T Corp sees fit."

She stopped behind you, and you felt it—a whisper of pressure against your spine. The tip of her picaxe, light yet inescapable.

"How simple it was," she breathed, voice honeyed with satisfaction, "to unmake thee."

Your heart pounded in the prison of your own body, each word winding tighter around your throat like a noose. You could not move, could not deny, could not run. You could only stand, frozen in time, as she delivered your undoing with a smile.

Don Quixote leaned in, her breath cold against your ear, whispering another knife into your back.

"There is no escape," she murmured, savoring each syllable. "No turning back now. Thou hast already made thy choice."

She stepped away, observing you as one might admire a work of art—assessing, calculating.

"But, perhaps..." A slow smirk curled her lips. "Perhaps there is yet time to prove thy worth. Show me, Yurodiviye. Show me that, even as all crumbles around thee, there is still something left in thee that is worth the time T Corp might spare. Because in mine eyes, I see but a convenient receptacle."

Her words were an ultimatum, a challenge, a cruel invitation. She had torn away everything you were, reduced you to this moment of reckoning. Now, she awaited your answer. But of course there was none to give.

"Then I suppose there would be naught any objections to a bit of fun?"

Don Quixote’s grip was firm yet effortless as she seized you, lifting your immobilized form as though you weighed nothing at all. The world tilted, your breath catching in your throat as she carried you with unsettling ease before setting you against a mostly intact

workbench.

There was no resistance—how could there be? Your limbs, locked in the cruel grip of time's suspension, refused to obey your desperate commands. Yet, strangely, you found yourself being moved, your body yielding under her hands as though you were a doll.

The edge of the workbench pressed sharply against your lower stomach as she forced you over its surface, positioning you with a nonchalant shove that sent a fresh wave of humiliation through you. You were aware of it all—the grain of the wood beneath your fingertips, the cold bite of the metal fixtures, the oppressive presence of Don Quixote looming over you—but it was all distant, just out of reach. The sensation of being utterly powerless gnawed at you, setting your mind alight with silent, impotent rage.

Had you been able to move, you might have snarled, cursed her name, thrown whatever scraps of defiance you could muster into her face. But you could do nothing. Nothing but exist under her scrutiny, trapped in the cage of your own useless body. You burned with indignation as she placed her hands upon you, her touch slow, almost methodical—exploratory in a way that was more clinical than anything else.

"A most curious thing," she mused, her voice laced with amusement. "For all thy resistance, for all thy supposed defiance, see how little it takes to render thee naught but a relic of the past. A warrior no longer—a mere artifact, waiting to be cataloged and claimed."

Her hands moved over you, adjusting your form with a meticulous care, as if she were shaping you into something new, something different. It was a mockery of control, a twisted game where only she could play, and you could do nothing but bear witness to your own undoing. Each shift of your body under her guidance sent another wave of frustration surging through you, a silent scream that echoed within the prison of your own flesh.

"You struggle in thy mind, I see it clear as the light of day," she continued, her voice lilting with cruel delight. "Ah, but what good is the fire of rebellion when one's body doth betray them so completely? See now, the folly of thy ways—thy flesh bows before the inevitability of T Corp's will, whether thy mind accepts it or no."

You wanted to fight back, to claw your way out of this humiliating stasis, to break free from her grasp and reclaim the agency that had

been so effortlessly stolen from you. But the time-stealing magic that bound you held firm, an unshakable force that turned your fury into little more than an idle fantasy.

Don Quixote took a step back, observing you with something akin to satisfaction, her golden armor gleaming under the workshop's dim light. "And so the Yurodiviye falls, not by blade nor by battle, but by the weight of inevitability itself. A most tragic tale, yet a fitting one, dost thou not think?"

You could not answer. You could not even move. All you could do was endure.

Don Quixote lingered for a moment longer, savoring the tableau of your still form bent over the workbench, the remnants of your defiance reduced to nothing more than a memory. The flickering lights of the workshop cast jagged shadows across the floor. The bodies of the fallen Yurodiviye lay cooling, their stolen time locked away within her accursed tools, their final breaths mere echoes lost to nothing. And yet, here you remained, untouched—no, worse. Chained.

She sighed, feigning disappointment as she tilted her head. "Truly, I had hoped for a tale of grander resistance," she murmured, her armored fingers tapping idly against the haft of her picaxe. "A final act of defiance, a desperate bid for freedom… but nay, what stands before me is a husk, a soul torn betwixt loyalty and survival. Ah, but do not despair, dear wayward heretic—for this is not an ending, but merely the turning of a page."

And so you sit there, unmoving, unblinking, as she hooks a finger into your mouth from behind. The cold metal of her gauntlet presses against your cheek, the rough texture a stark contrast to the forced intimacy of the gesture. The taste, foreign and intrusive, yet you can do nothing but endure it.

She hums, a thoughtful sound vibrating in the air behind you, her presence looming, suffocating. "Ah, see how still thou art now," she muses, tilting your head ever so slightly with the hooked finger, as if examining a particularly fascinating specimen. "Not a word, not a cry of protest. Hast thou finally learned thy place? Or doth the flame of resistance still flicker within thee?"

Her other hand rises, pressing lightly against your throat, feeling the pulse beneath your skin. A slow chuckle escapes her lips, low and knowing. "Ah, but I can feel it—thy heart beats as wildly as a caged

bird, and yet thy body doth betray thee." She leans in closer, her breath ghosting over your ear.

Nor does the sound of your muffled whimper come out as her fingers dip deeper.

End Notes

My viscous gameplay is nasty just so yall know

Puddle punch on that thang

Hawk gooah

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!